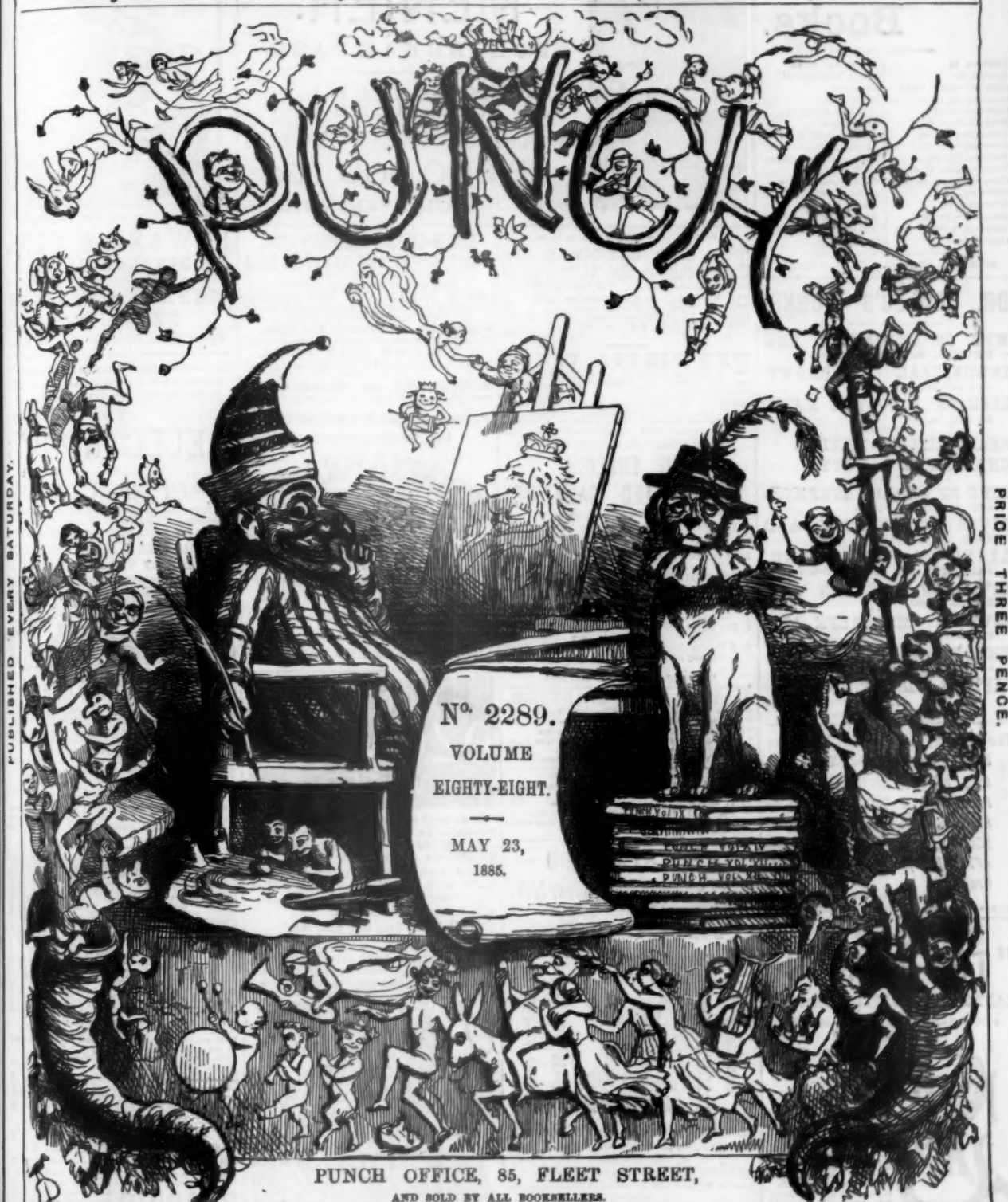


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WITHIN his tent Achilles sat and swore; With pain the hero's face was wrinkled o'er, Gout in his foot, neuralgia in his jaws, Too weak, alas, to fight for Grecian cause; Ironichia, rheumatism, lungs all a-fire, Hurled him fast towards the Stygian river.
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IN vain physicians came with subtle skill, And tried, in turn, prescription, lotion, pill; With saddened look they viewed his fiery tongue, In solemn silence stethoscoped each lung; From moulting head to gout-distorted toe, They searched, then said, "Poor fellow, 'tis no go!"
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NOTES BY NIBBS.

It is a pity that the CARL ROSA season is so soon coming to a close, and that the last nights are already announced. The oftener the public hear *Manon*, the more popular will it become. For melody, I am inclined to put it second to *Carmen*. A better performance of it can hardly be desired than that given by its present cast. Mr. MAAS could not be improved upon as the lover, and he will never have a rival in his own celebrated clear soup-song.



Two Roses.

Mr. LUDWIG as the representative of the swash-buckler, who "never says die" but is always ready to say "die," is quite the *beau idéal* of the character, except for the beard and moustache, for which he may have excellent authority, — what does MISTER AUGUSTUS MISEREN-SCENE say to it? — only he should not mark the time with his hat and foot. He reminds me of a policeman

on duty, afraid of "getting away from the beat." Mr. LUDWIG's maxim seems to be, "Keep your eye on your Conductor, and your Conductor will pull you through."

Then Mr. LYALL, as *Guillot*, a sort of middle-aged Colley Ciber, is excellent in a very absurd and, dramatically, not a very good part. It is, however, a bit of character, and would be worth shaving for, as that stubbly moustache which Mr. LYALL attempts to tone down to flesh-colour, looks just what it is, only rather more so, and imparts an unwashed and snuffy appearance to the *beau's* face, which ought to be the very pink and white of complexion aided by patch and pearl-powder. An Actor's face should be a *tabula rasa*. Mr. LYALL has his fair share of the music, so that, as 'ARRY would say, "he can't want this *hextra* hair." He is capital throughout, but especially in the First Act and in the Gambling Scene. Mr. W. H. BURTON, "the Stern Parient," acts with dignity, and is the fortunate possessor of an almost Santleyan voice. His rendering of the song, "Go woe some Maiden," is one of the attractions of the Opera. As *Manon* I never heard MARIE ROZE to greater advantage. She has the tender tone of the heroine of serious romantic opera, and the sprightliness necessary for light comic opera. Her fault in acting is attempting too much; restlessness spoils many of her most carefully-studied dramatic effects, but she never makes this mistake in her singing. I trust that one of these good days we shall see a National Opera started under Royal Patronage, and managed by the indefatigable CARL ROSA.

From Opera to Drama. Go and see *Bad Boys* at the Comedy Theatre, but don't say I deceived you, by telling you that it is a good piece. It isn't; it is a stupid, weak-plotted farce, though I can quite imagine that the French original of it, *Clara Soleil*, may be strong enough, and that this version has been considerably Bowdlerised. M. MARIUS and Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS are simply immense in it; you are bound to laugh at them, — you can't help it. Mr. ROSE, too, — a third Rose in this article which commenced with MARIE ROZE and CARL ROSA, — helps the fun by looking such a hopeless idiot. He is a second PUNLEY. Why the piece is called by such a stupid title as *Bad Boys*, I fail to discover, though once I heard an allusion to it, covertly dragged in by the adapter, and uttered by M. MARIUS. Everybody who takes my advice, and goes to see this Farce in three Acts, will agree with me as to its imbecility, but will probably go and see it again simply on account of the excellent acting — for it is real acting — of M. MARIUS, and Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS. It is quite on the cards for it to grow into as big a success as the *Private Secretary*.



Bad Boys.

MOTTO FOR THE INVENTORIES. — "Useful and Cremornamental."

A SOG OF THE SPRIG TIBE.

(Written Under the Idfluendz of the Idfluendza.)

WHED the bloob is od the thord,
(Ad the wid is id the East),
Whed the cook salutes the bord,
(With ad awfud aside, the
beast!)
Whed the birds (they ddot catch
cowl,
Or they woddudt wadt to sig),
Pipe like wigkid, thed we're tode
Id is Sprig!

Whed the buds are od the boughs,
(Ad the frost is od the buds),
Whed the wids make shokid rows,
Ad the streabs look just like
"suds;"
Whed Catarrh is awd the go,
Ad you sdeez like adythig,
Thed they tell you, dote you doe,
Id is Sprig!

Whed the flowers sed forth sweet
smells
(Which our doses cad't detect),
Whed clear n's or r's or l's
Id were foddly to expect;
Whed the lidded ad the thrush,
Like our hopes, are od the
wig,
Thed bards say — ad dever blush,
Id is Sprig!

Whed the buttercubs cub out
(Though to make theb cub is
cruel),
Whed, instead of wide or stout,
A bad's drig is water-gruel,
Thed they say id's Berry Bay!
Ad the rhybig fellows sig
That the Sprig's a-a-blow! I say,
Blow the Sprig!

AFTER THE EVENT.

"A writer in a recent number of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, a distinguished French Admiral, has pointed out the method by which our watering-places could be bombarded, and compelled to pay a heavy ransom or be destroyed." — Admiral Sir J. L. Hay on our Coast Defences.

FURTHER corroboration having been given to the rumour that the entire Channel Fleet had yesterday evening been unfortunately blown up, in mistake, by its own newly-equipped torpedo squadron, and that the enemy, in consequence, were already attacking all the quite defenceless fashionable watering-places on the South and South-East Coasts, a numerous Deputation waited on the First Lord at the Admiralty with a view to hearing his opinion on the subject.

The Mayor of Margate, who was deputed to act as spokesman for his brother representatives, most of whom were in tears, said that matters had really come to a serious pass. That very afternoon Ramsgate, on declaring its inability to pay at half an hour's notice £500,000, but offering as a compromise to hand over all the potted shrimps in Pegwell Bay, together with the obelisk on the pier, and half the profits of the Camera Obscura, to the hostile Admiral, had been ruthlessly bombarded with the result that all the apartments "with a good sea-view" had been levelled till nothing was left of them but half the dining-room windows and the area-railings. The letting, therefore, was bad, while at Broadstairs matters were even worse, the one visitor in the place, a great invalid, paying a few shillings a week for the hire of an underground cellar at the railway station. There was, he regretted to say, only one torpedo for defensive purposes on the coast, and that had been lent for a few hours to the authorities at Herne Bay, who, not knowing how to manipulate it, and fearing its capture by the enemy, had rather thoughtlessly sent it off inland to Canterbury, where it was now stowed away in the Dead Letter Department at the Post Office. The speaker concluded by expressing a hope that the Government would give the matter their immediate attention.

After listening with much apparent interest to the Mayor's account, the First Lord said he would certainly give the matter his early consideration, upon which, expressing their thanks, but still in tears, the Deputation quietly withdrew.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND ILL.

[The Richmond Select Vestry having sent to the Home Office a memorial with reference to the deplorable condition of the Thames in that district, Sir W. HARCOURT has entered into communication with the Conservators, and has been informed by them that nothing can be done until a radical change is effected in the disposal of the Metropolitan sewage.]

On Richmond Hill there dwells a
Lass
Who on a bright May morn
By sweeps of sewage mud must
pass,
On Thames's waters borne.
What does she meet? Spring
breezes sweet?
No, muck is master still.
"Deposits" oake, and stink, and
make
The Lass of Richmond ill!

How happy might that maiden
be
If sweet Thames-tide might
run.
But no; Conservators agree
That "Nothing can be done."
Lips she must close, must nip her
nose, —
The Stench-fiend lords it still,
And laughs with glee — grim
ghoul — to see
The Lass of Richmond ill!



A BURNING MEASURE.

Southern Tourist. "GOT A MORNING PAPER?" *Northern Newsvendor (with emphasis).* "A' SOLD OOT!"
S. T. "OH! WHAT'S THE NEWS? WAR DECLARED AGAIN?" *N. N.* "NA—MAIST IMPORTANT! THE TA-AX!"
S. T. (innocently). "WHAT TAX?" *N. N.* "E—H, MUN! HAVE YE NO H'ARD! THE WHUSKEY!!"

THE FRIENDLIES.

(From the "Daily Scuttler.")

RECENT events abroad, combined with the masterly alternations of our Foreign Policy, have left the Government with a large and somewhat damaged stock of "Friendlies" on their hands. Partly for the relief of those loyal allies, and partly for the general instruction and entertainment, it has been determined to hold a permanent Exhibition of "Friendlies" (which will doubtless be popularly known as "The Friendlies") in Epping Forest. Thus an asylum of a paying character will be provided for the confiding peoples who trust the promises of English Generals or Ministers, while the ethnologist and the naturalist will find constant pleasure in observing the manners and customs of alien or savage races. Though the project of founding the Friendlies meets with a good deal of opposition beneath the Gangway (where "Serve the niggers right" is the prevailing verdict), yet the Society for the Protection of Aborigines hopes to bring the Exhibition to a successful and pecuniarily profitable issue.

Already have many most novel Exhibits been promised from different quarters. When the Crimes Act (Ireland) has been modified in a Constitutional and Liberal sense, it is expected that friendly Irish (Landlords, and the like) will constantly be on view at the Friendlies. The curious will be able, at a slight extra charge, to see the destitute loyal Irish Landlord fed, and to observe his singular habit of dressing in the miserable remains of an old evening suit. The last surviving examples of Bailiffs, Protestants, Orangemen, and Manufacturers, will also be on view. A very large assortment of friendly Amaras and Bishareens is expected by next steamer from Suakim. Owing to our masterly retreat from that port, several thousand Arabs have now no choice between extermination and the Friendlies, and, though most prefer extermination, considerable numbers are to be among the Exhibits.

From the province of Dongola a high class Mudir (early decorated) is looked for, with a number of Sheikhs, and all the Kababish and Shagiyeh tribes that chance to escape from the vengeance of the Mahdi.

South Africa sends exhibits from among her friendly Bechuanas,

Basutos, and Zulus. Most of these, to be sure, are now either killed out, or permanently engaged in service (without remuneration) in pious Boer families. It is not doubted, however, but that specimens will be secured for the Friendlies. From the Cameroons the remnants of West African Friendlies not yet annihilated by German gunboats may probably put in an appearance.

After the success of our arms in Canada has induced us to refrain from further blood-guiltiness, the friendly half-breeds and Red Men, or (in case of a French Canadian rising) the Canadians of English descent, will doubtless gladly flock to the shades of Epping Forest.

In the event of war with Russia, and of an Anglo-Chinese alliance, arrangements on a rather large scale will have to be made for the reception of all the survivors of the Celestial Empire. At the conclusion of peace with Russia (on the usual terms), the friendly Chinese, of course, would no longer be able to remain at home in China, and will be glad to live on birds'-nest soup in Epping Forest. Stuffed Afghans from Penjdeh are daily expected, as examples of extinct Friendlies.

Can any popular entertainment be more interesting, or demonstrate more clearly the loyalty of England, than this vast shelter, or asylum, where races who have nothing in common but belief in our promises, will peacefully fade away under the influence of our climate? Heathen Rome, with all her greatness, could show nothing in the least resembling the Friendlies. The Friendly Amara, in his hut; the Friendly Irishman, grubbing with his umbrella for pig-nuts; the Friendly Bishareen, at his mid-day devotions; the Friendly Ashanti, pawning the last of his Aggry beads for a morsel of bread; the Friendly Chinaman, taking in washing at an alarming reduction; with the Friendly Mudir, reduced to editing a halfpenny evening paper, will all join in one polyglot dirge for the honour of Old England.

HOLY WRIT WHOLLY RE-WRITTEN.—The Revisionaries having accomplished their task, presented the Revised Version to HER MAJESTY. The *Times*, reviewing their labours, said that they had, on the whole, been very successful with the Book of Job. A good job done.



THE WEDDING PRESENT.

A WORD FOR THE WISE.

IN one of the recently published *Home Letters* (JOHN MURRAY), the Earl of BRACONSFIELD, then young Mr. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, writes:—

"I wish that I could convey to you some idea of the Saracenic architecture, but I feel it is impossible. Description is always a bore, both to the describer and to the describee."

"Describee" is a happy specimen of a whole series of words much required in our language. We thank thee, DISRAELI, for teaching

us the word. "Payer" and "Payee," and many others used in legal documents, whose object is generally not so much the achievement of brevity but the acquirement of so much a folio. The "Speaker" and the "Speakee," the "Writer" and the "Writee," the "Joker" and the "Jokee," signifying the passive person on whom the practical joke is played. Let us commence and coin: let us be above or beyond dictionaries, or rather let them take their proper place and follow the language as spoken. If it be said that these newest words are not in the latest Johnson, let us retort, "Walker!" and proclaim freedom of speech.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

A MATTER OF EXTREME DELICACY.



THE gentleman [has been waiting for you ever since ten o'clock, Sir," said my excellent and admirable Clerk, handing me a card as I looked in at my chambers just before lunch-time.

"Mr. MUMENT! Dear me, I am sorry I have kept him waiting so long!" And then feeling that as I am not very regular in my visits to Pump-handle Court, PORTINGTON might have invented an excuse to account for my absence, which it would be better for me to learn, I asked, "Did you say where I was?"

"I said I wasn't quite sure, Sir," replied my able and valued assistant with

a smile.—"I said I could not be certain whether you were before Mr. Justice FIELD in Chambers, or had a matter in the Court of Appeal."

Congratulating myself upon the fact that PORTINGTON had evidently forgotten that I had told him, the last time I saw him, that I thought of spending the next month at Herne Bay, I entered my rooms. An old gentleman of extremely benevolent appearance jumped up from a chair, in which he had been reading the supplement of an ancient copy of the *Times*, and bowed.

"Pray look through your correspondence before you attend to me," he said, pointing to a large pile of letters lying on my desk.

"With your permission," I returned, with grave courtesy, motioning him to resume his seat.

My "correspondence" did not take me long. The letters were all circulars, with the exception of an application for Income-tax and a dun from a forgotten tailor, who had evidently sent a bill to Pump-handle Court in the faint hope of finding in the mature barrister residing at that address the foppish purchaser of one of his dress suits in 1860. However, I frowned at the circulars, making a few notes (I jotted down mechanically the name of the Chairman of the Proposed Patent Improved Road Car Bathing Machine Company Limited, and the address of someone who said he had found out the secret of preventing baldness), and then turned to my visitor and briskly put to him an interrogative "Yes?"

"I am here on a matter of some delicacy," began my benevolent-looking visitor.

I bowed with much gravity, and resettled myself in my chair in an attitude of deep and almost painful attention.

"You will pardon me for questioning you, but as I have never had the pleasure of seeing you in Court, perhaps you will tell me whether I am right in supposing that you invariably conduct your cases with as much brevity as possible?"

"That certainly is my practice," I replied, carelessly throwing an envelope over the endorsement of a Brief which belonged to a friend who had accidentally left his papers on my desk.

"Quite so," commented the benevolent Solicitor, "and that you seldom address a Judge and Jury at any length?"

"I prefer that my words should be few but weighty," I answered.

Having thus satisfied himself of my suitability to perform the duty with which he wished to entrust me, my visitor explained the nature of his errand. It appeared that he was the English Solicitor of the MONTAGUES and the CAPULETS, two Southern families having large estates in this country. The heir of the MONTAGUES, when a lad domiciled at Oxford, had run away with the heiress of the CAPULETS from a Brighton boarding-school, and had immediately proceeded to a church in which they had listened to the marriage ceremony. As they were about to leave the sacred edifice, their friends, who had followed them in hot pursuit, arrested them, and the Bridegroom was lured away in one direction and the Bride forcibly carried off in another. Ten years had now passed, and from the moment of that hurried parting the couple had never met. Since then hard times had come upon both the ancient families, that could only be saved by the union of Mr. MONTAGUE with a person other than Miss CAPULET, and the bridal of Miss CAPULET with a person other than Mr. MONTAGUE. Moreover, what the head dictated the heart endorsed. Both the would-be Bride and Bridegroom of ten years ago were now anxious to be free from the chains (if any) binding them the one to the other.

"I may add," continued my Client (my heart warmed towards him as I thought of the benevolent-looking gentleman in this capacity), "that as both the parties are backed up by a number of Cornish relations, who have insisted upon coming over to see their respective kinsmen righted, any unhappy mistake on our part would be deplorable."

"Certainly," I assented, more out of politeness than from a feeling of conviction.

"Yes," murmured my visitor, half to himself, half to me; "I am given to understand that, if I make a mess of the matter, they purpose declaring a *vendetta* against me—a most unpleasant process, so I am told, not known in English law, which has for its object the shedding of the selected Defendant's life-blood. Should it be served upon me, I think I should secretly transfer my practice to Australia."

With this, Mr. MUMENT rose to take his leave.

"I should tell you," he said, with some hesitation, as he shook hands with me at the door of my Chambers, "that Mr. MONTAGUE (from whom you must get the facts to prove our case) has one bad fault which may embarrass us—he takes his breakfast in the foreign fashion."

"Takes his breakfast in the foreign fashion," I repeated to myself, when I was alone, "how can that affect the matter?"

Then I searched *The Digest*, and looked through BROWNE, but could find nothing bearing on the point. SHEARWOOD'S *Outlines of Contract* (a most useful and entertaining volume) did not materially assist me, and as for SNELL, he simply shirked mentioning the affair, as if it had nothing whatever to do with his crude but well-intentioned *Principles of Equity*.

The day of trial came. The Court was nearly empty, as the case did not seem to have attracted much attention from the profession or the public. I got up, bowed, and in a few half-whispered words (I usually address the Court in half-whispered words), explained my mission. Then I called the Plaintiff. I turned round for a moment to consult with Mr. MUMENT, when he murmured, with a stony stare, suggesting that he had "caught the eye" of Medusa, "He has been breakfasting in the foreign fashion!"

A moment afterwards there were some heavy stumbling footsteps, followed by a murmur. I once more gave my attention to the witness-box. The Plaintiff was not there. He was attempting to take a place on the Bench. Being led back, the usual necessary formalities were completed, and he was ready for my inquiries. I asked him the few questions leading up to his appearance in the church, to which I presume he answered in the affirmative, although I did not hear his voice. Being a little nervous, I kept my eyes fixed on my brief. When I at length looked up, he interrupted me by raising his hand, and smiling blandly.

I am a little deaf, so I craned forward to hear what he had to say. He suddenly changed his smile into a frown, and said, with much anger, "Six four—bar one!" I referred to my brief, but could find nothing to lead me in the line of examination he seemed to wish me to adopt; so I referred to Mr. MUMENT, who, pale as a ghost, was trembling behind me.

"Have you any other witnesses like the one before us you wish to call?" asked his Lordship, with much gravity, not to say severity.

"No, Sir—I mean my Lord," I replied, turning red and white alternately, as is my custom when suddenly addressed from the Bench.

His Lordship bowed solemnly, and told me I might continue my examination.

"Now, Sir," I said, "be good enough to say, after leaving the lady at the church-door—"

"Who-told-you-left-lady-church-door?" angrily interrogated the witness, his words, in his indignation, running one into the other.

"Why, this gentleman," I replied, taken aback by this sudden and hostile interruption, and I pointed at Mr. MUMENT. Upon this Mr. MONTAGUE laughed, murmured something to himself, and frowned.

"Come, Sir," I said, adjusting my spectacles and reading my brief, "one more question. You never were married to the lady—now, were you?"

To my utter confusion and astonishment, this query was met by a direct and angry negative. When pressed, my witness became so annoyed with my persistency that he was affected almost to tears. I turned round again to Mr. MUMENT. He had gone.

"This seems a convenient moment to adjourn for lunch," observed his Lordship, pointing with his pen at the witness-box.

The Plaintiff, who evidently must have been suffering from acute fatigue, was asleep and noisily snoring.

"I may add," continued his Lordship, rising, "I do not see, after this evidence, how you can prove your case." No more did I!

When I left the Robing-Room, near the Carey Street entrance, I do not think I was recognised by the large crowd of prejudiced foreigners who appeared to be waiting for someone in the corridor. No doubt the brightness of my wig (which, although many years of age, has the appearance, strange to say, of never having been

used) misled them. My coat and hat (although younger than my wig) have a much more venerable appearance.

As for Mr. MUNIMENT, I feel certain that he must have secretly transferred his practice to Australia, as, from that day to this, he has given me no further employment.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

LOWE AND SUITE.

WHY any considerable sensation should have been created in certain artistic and political circles by the sudden appearance of a small volume of poems from the pen of Lord SHERBROOKE is difficult to conjecture. For in spite of the fact that a distinguished contemporary refers to the announcement of their publication as "a surprise, a riddle, and a revelation," it is well-known that the unexpended heat of public and party strife so frequently finds a vent and relief in unpublished verse, that more than half the notable politicians of the day are said to have volumes of poems, if not actually ready for the Press, at least in such an advanced stage of preparation as to warrant a lively apprehension of their speedy out-pour on to the book-market.

This lyrical *cacœthes scribendi*, owing, no doubt, to the presence in their midst of the Laureate, has naturally attained a fuller development among the Members of the Upper House of the Legislature, than it has in the Lower Chamber. Perhaps this is fortunate, although a good deal of the verse already set up in type speaks well for the leisure hours of statesmanship generally. Taking a proof-sheet at random, what, for instance, can be more truly pathetic than this brief but touching and defiant poem bearing the signature of the Foreign Secretary?

"The little that is known" of my career!
'Tis thus, alas! my better sense he shocks,
When I can very well recall the year
That saw him sporting childhood's frills and frocks!
And now he heads the Opposition's van!—
No wonder I'm a "Melancholy man!"

I, "do no work," but dance eternal jigs,
And fritter all my country's strength away!
Ha! ha! He talks of "Malice of the Whigs"—
Wait till he hears what LESSAR has to say!
May be—when he some Blue Books comes to scan,
Like me, he'll be—a *Melancholy Man!*

The following trifle of Lord SALISBURY's, though by no means original, has a decidedly spirited and patriotic ring about it:—

How should a Statesman pose, Sirs,
Who wishes to lead a nation?
Ought he his mouth to close, Sirs,
And hazard no observation?
Weigh his words by the ounce, Sir,
His phrases carefully measure,
And not on Billingsgate pounce, Sir,
If Billingsgate be his pleasure?
If you tell me *that's* what he ought to do,
I'll call you a bankrupt and swindler too!

As a specimen of what the true heart-felt experience of suffering can do for inspiration, take the subjoined significant but fragmentary lines from the First Lord of the Admiralty's Colossal Lyric effort "in six books of one hundred and twenty cantos each," which he styles *The Tragedy of the Marines*:—

I nothing knew of guns or ships,
Of landing-stages, docks, or slips,
And "bow" confounded oft with "stern,"—
Till some kind angel whispered, "Learn!"
I smiled. My task I set about,—
And then the Government went out!

It would be possible to continue a list of extracts that, at the present moment, are not devoid of a special interest, but want of space precludes us from giving more than the two subjoined stanzas of a quaint little song, one of a series of *Ballades of the Front Benches* contributed by the PREMIER. It speaks for itself:—

Has the wrinkle gone out of my brow,—
Do I quiver and tremble no more?
When BARTLEY gets up, do I now
Grow as pale as I used to of yore?
Ah, no! I am blithesome to-day:
More! I almost can affable be!
Do you ask me what makes me so gay?
'Tis my PETER is coming to me!
My PETER is coming to me!

He was roving in some far-off land,
Where my name, ah! he might have forgot;
And I longed so to clasp his dear hand,
For he seemed to be making things hot.
So I summoned him back by the wire,
Bid him scuttle o'er desert and sea!
'Tis from frying-pan into the fire,—
Still, my PETER is coming to me!
My PETER is coming to me!

From the above few slips it will be evident that, terse, brilliant, musical, and even refined as are Lord SHERBROOKE's efforts, he has set a dangerous example, and will evidently, before long, have to look to his laurels.

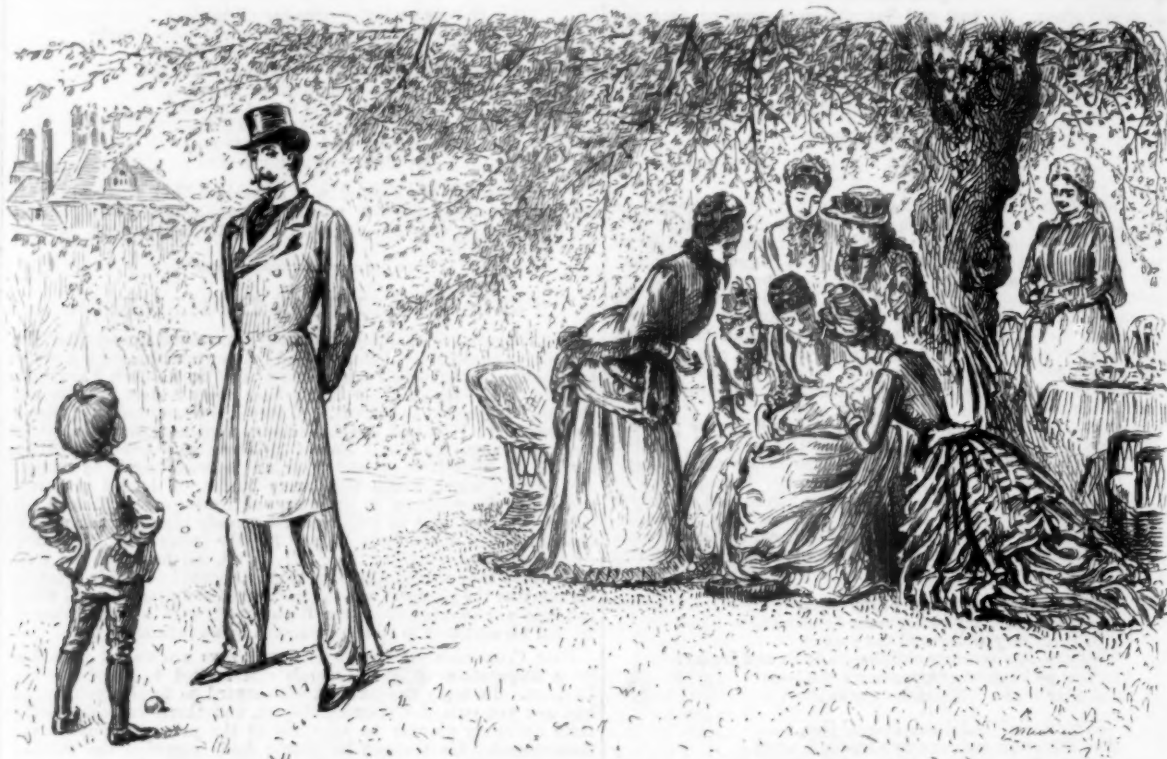
PROBABLE ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

SWILLBOROUGH.—Colonel PARTIMAN, unanimously adopted (by himself) as Conservative Candidate for this town, addressed a crowded but not at all enthusiastic meeting last night in the Corn Exchange. He said that to tax the Poor Man's Beer was the last iniquity left for this Government to commit, and they had committed it. (*Cheers and uproar.*) Why had the Government tried to throw the cost of Registration on the Local Rates? (*Cheers, and cries of "Why not?"*) He himself was a landowner, and he would cordially support any measure which would take every burden off landed property, and throw the whole on to the Imperial Exchequer. (*Hisses.*) It might be urged that in that case the already highly-taxed middle class in towns would have to pay for the entire cost of County Administration. (*"Hear, hear!"*) Well, all he could say was, better that they should pay than that he should!—At this point in his remarks the platform was stormed, and the gallant Colonel when last seen was running along the High Street, with his hat battered in, and his coat torn to ribbons, pursued by an infuriated mob.

EAST CLODSHIRE.—Professor CHERUB FLINT was waited on to-day by a Deputation of local Liberals and invited to stand for the Division. In reply he said that, with regard to foreign politics, he had not yet seen the Morning Papers, and therefore could hardly state definitely whether he approved of the present policy of the Government. He thought he should have regarded the Soudan campaigns with some disgust if anybody but Mr. GLADSTONE had been responsible for them. (*Cheers.*) He was glad that we were going to leave the country. (*"Hear! hear!"*) He hoped that the Arabs killed near Suakim had been slaughtered for some wise end. It was necessary for this country now and then to show its horror of the Slave-trade, and to convince the Mahomedan world of the blessings of civilisation. (*Cheers.*) Now let him pass to the more important subject of Local Rates. (*General cheering.*) If returned, he was ready to vote for providing every agricultural labourer with a cow and a new milk-pail, and to impose a land-tax which would at once throw every estate in the country into the market. (*Applause.*) He was a teetotaler, and approved of Mr. CHILDENS' Temperance Budget. (*Dissent, and a Voice, "How about the Eleven Millions?"*) The Eleven Millions could not be said to have been improperly asked for, as most of the money had been spent before Parliament voted the amount. (*Cheers and laughter.*) A hearty vote of confidence terminated the meeting.

COKECHESTER.—Mr. BOBADIL BUSTER, addressing the Electors yesterday, said that, having been kicked out of his own little Borough by the iniquitous Government Redistribution Bill, he had run his eye over the map of England to find a place willing to receive him as an Imperialist Candidate. He believed Cokechester was such a place. (*Unanimous and angry cries of "No!"*) At all events he intended to stand, whether they liked it or not. (*Laughter.*) Look at the frightful extravagance of this Ministry! (*"Oa! Oa!"*) He himself was in favour of a Spirited Foreign Policy, which would involve an annual expenditure, not of Eleven Millions, but One Hundred Millions extra. (*Hisses and groans.*) A Federated Empire was the thing! If the Colonies did not care to federate, he would compel them to do so. (*Laughter.*) He would like to know what could be more spirited than that? Then, as to our Indian Frontier, he would annex Persia, Afghanistan, Thibet, China, and Beloochistan, and drive the Russians back to the Caspian. To do this it would merely be necessary to treble our Army Estimates, and introduce Universal Conscription. (*Groans.*)—Only a single hand—that of a Deaf Mute, who misunderstood the motion—being held up in favour of the Hon. Gentleman's candidature, it is thought probable that he will reconsider his intention to stand.

THE Times read Lord RANDOLPH a severe lecture last Thursday. Lord RANDOLPH is not fond of playing the game of "follow my leader," and in this instance the "leader" followed Lord RANDOLPH, and gave him a nasty one.



REFLECTED GLORY.

Visitor. "AND WHO ARE YOU, MY LITTLE MAN?"

Outhbert (with conscious pride). "I'M THE BABY'S BROTHER!"

LAUNCE AND HIS DOG.

(Adapted to Circumstances.)

Enter LAUNCE (Sir ST-FF-RD N-RTHC-TE) with his Dog (Lord R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL).

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the funny dog with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; him and his three blind brothers, a pestilent, plaguesome, and perpetually yapping Four! I have taught him—or should so have done could he have learned manners by fair example—as one may say precisely. Thus would I teach a dog. Oh, 'tis a sad thing when a puppy cannot behave himself in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon himself to be a dog indeed, to be as it were a dog in all things. And your dog should follow, look you, and should not lift up his yelp against his Master and his Master's friends, neither flesh his ungoverned teeth in the unguarded kibes of them. If I had not more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't: sure as I live he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts himself into the company of certain gentleman-like dogs in the Earl's chamber. There, as is his nature, good lack, makes he a nuisance of himself by rash snapping and rude yelping, and that at the Earl himself of all men, who is, as one may say, courtesy's mould and urbanity's mirror. All the Chamber cried out on him. Of all which ill-conditioned behaviour I, as the acknowledged, though little regarded and ill-requited master of him, have as it were, to bear the brunt and blame. How many masters would do this for their servants? Nay, I'll be sworn I have, as one may say, sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed; otherwise he had suffered for 't. Thou thinkest not of this now!—Nay, I remember the tricks thou hast played me. Have I not bid thee mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me lift up my voice in ill-bred yappings against a gentlemanly Earl, as much thine elder as thy better? Didst ever see me do such a trick?

LORD SHERBROOKE'S POEMS. — It is, of course, a Lowe-priced book, marked "One Bob."

THE SHERBROOKE.

(Not by Tennyson.)

I come from haunts of statesmen
hard,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out a life-long bard
En-thu-si-as-ti-cally.

My life has run o'er stony ways,
I've seemed all sharps and
trebles;
But now I mean to wring the
bays
From critics hard as pebbles.

I on my Peer's soft cushion fret,
Because my life seems fallow,
But ah! the "glowing Muse"
shall yet
Show me less sour and fallow.

I steal away from Whiggish plots
To Poesy's green covers,
I try my hand at true-love-knots,
I sing for happy lovers.

I rhyme with HUDIBRAS's dash
(Who fancied me all iron?)
With here a touch of CANNING's
flash,
And there a tone of BYRON.

I sing Swiss glaciers, southern
stars,
Australian wildernesses,
I sneer at old Colonial jars,
And Antipodean messes.

I fancy my old foes will quake
As this new path I travel.
I think my rhymes the bards will
shake,
And all the critics gravel.

Bravo, BOB LOWE! for do you know
I think this dodge is clever,
For Statesmen come and States-
men go,
But Bards live on for ever!

MUCH may be expected from the arrival of Mr. CONDIE STEPHEN, C.B. The political atmosphere may be purified by the judicious use of "Condie."

LEGAL NOMENCLATURE. — Occasionally we hear of "Running-Down Cases" being tried. The Unlearned in the Law naturally inquire if these are Actions for Slander?

BY A BLUE RIBBONITE.—The real Beer Duty,—Not to drink any.



LAUNCE AND HIS DOG.

LAUNCE (*Sir St-ff-rd N-the-te*, more in sorrow than in anger). "ONE THAT I BROUGHT UP FROM A PUPPY; ONE THAT I SAVED FROM DROWNING. . . . WHEN A MAN'S SERVANT SHALL PLAY THE FUNNY DOG WITH HIM, LOOK YOU, IT GOES HARD!"—*Shakspeare adapted.*



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THE ADMIRALTY GOOSE; OR, THE MODERN MARINER.

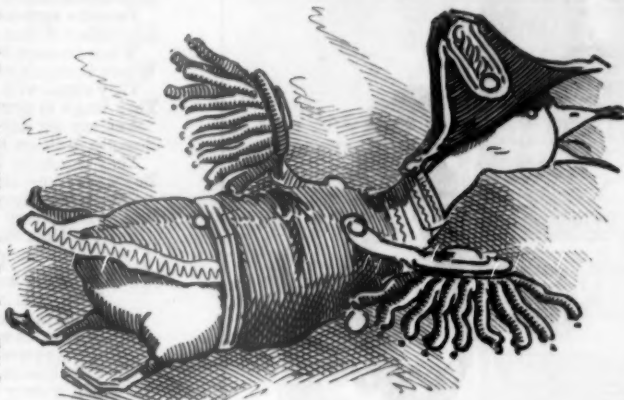
(Liberally adapted from Coleridge—being a Broad Hint for the benefit of those whom it may most immediately concern.)

A Modern Mariner meeteth a Prime Minister on his way to the House, and detaineth him.

It is a Modern Mariner,
Who hath never been to sea.

"Come, NORTH-BROOK, with that winking eye,
What wouldst thou have of me?"

"The Commons' doors are opened wide,
They're waiting to begin;
The Opposition fume and fret:
Mayst hear the nasty din."



For, loaded slowly, one by one,
They, one by one, did burst.

The Guns are not as useful as they might be, which causeth trouble.

"And then there came of gibes and sneers
An overwhelming swarm:
And such a row got up, we found
The situation warm!"

"For REED wrote letters columns long,
And panic filled the air;

The outcry of the Public, in which no First Lord liveth comfortably.

The Prime Minister, suspecting something in the wink of the Modern Mariner's eye, is constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with official grip.
"We've built a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! Unhand me, naval loon!
A ship! It cannot be."

He holds him with his winking eye—
The PREMIER he stood still,
And listens like some new M.P.
In charge of his first Bill.

The PREMIER sat him on a chair;
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that curious man,
The Whitehall Mariner:

"The ship, once built, was found to float
Without a single prop!
And then she tried her measured mile
Midst many a cheery stop.

The Mariner tells how the Ship was put into Commission in a quaint and fearful style.

"Her armament, ten 'sixty-fours,'
Marked 'Eighteen-fifty-three,'
Of not the very slightest use:
Still, thus she went to sea!

"It wasn't quite the sort of thing
We felt we should provide—"
The PREMIER here looked t'ward the House:
There seemed some row inside.

The Prime Minister heareth that within the House which maketh him contented to listen to the tale.

The SPEAKER sits within his chair;
Red as a rose is he,
With effort to restrain in bounds
The Merry Irishry.

The PREMIER, when he noteth this,
Prefers the tale to hear;
So thus spake on that curious man,
The Whitehall Mariner.

The Ship getteth into hot water.

"And now the Press-blast came, and it
Was critical and strong;
It noted all the various things
That somehow would go wrong.

"The shaft would halt, and bend, and break;
The guns seemed all accurst;

We didn't know which way to turn
The row was everywhere!

"The row was there, the row was here,
The row was all around.
Eftsoons up went the Income-tax
To ninepence in the pound!

"At length an Admiralty Goose,—
The brute you'll know at sight,—
Wheeled on the scene, and vowed that soon
'Twould set all matters right.

A great sea-bird, the Admiralty Goose, cometh in sight, and is hailed with groans.

"'Tis ever thus that brute doth boast,
And will,—till some commotion
Make plain we've but a paper fleet
Wherewith to rule the Ocean.

"It eateth up the Estimates,
By threats 'tis ne'er deterred;
It blundereth and plundereth,—
A most ill-omened bird!

The Whitehall Mariner dwelleth on the unattractive features of the bird.

"And as it swalloweth each sum
Without remorse or shame,
And question shuns,—that shaft and guns
Keep up the same old game.

"Not one, but scores on scores, while I,
Poor minion of the Board,
From its foul wake, my flight to take,
At present can't afford.

The Whitehall Mariner continueth his piteous and despicable confession.

"And so the Admiralty Goose
Soars on; and men may hollo,
And call me any names they like,—
Alas! I'm bound to follow!

"But from red-tape, and jobbery,
I feel at times nigh stirred
Away to break!—Perdition take
That most ill-omened bird!"

"Good gracious, Whitehall Mariner!
Why not from bonds break loose?
Strike branch and root, by Jove! and shoot
That Admiralty Goose!"

At length the Whitehall Mariner getteth consoling and comfortable counsel.

MELANCHOLY AND COMMERCIAL. — *Suakin-Berber Railway*. — The report that the local "Friendlies" had at last accepted the offer of the British Government to work the above little Line for a payment of "£2,000 a month, with an occasional train thrown in," has, as might have been expected, again further depressed the ordinary Stock. It having been rumoured, later in the day, that the new Management contemplated paying the Dividend on the Perpetual Preference Stock in surplus sleepers, and heads cut off OSMAN DIGNA's followers, there is a briar rise, chiefly due to the operations of Oriental holders; but the closing prices for Debenture Coupons varied, as usual, from about 2½d. to 3¼d. a pound.

"COOMBE-ING EVENTS CAST," &c. — The Prince and Princess of WALES have signified their intention of being present at the open-air amateur performances, by the "Pastoral Players," at Coombe House, "weather permitting." This gives the necessary cachet, and makes the whole thing quite *Coombe il faut*.

LAST WEEK'S TENNIS MATCH. — LAMBERT and PETTITT played magnificently, but the latter won. He is the younger man; let us hope that, by the enthusiastic Amateur Ladies, he will not be Pettitt and spoilt.



PROGRESS.

Angry Squire (to Extravagant Son). "I CAN'T SAY I THOUGHT MUCH OF MY FATHER'S OPINION. BUT, BY GEORGE! YOU SEEM TO LOOK UPON ME AS SIMPLY A BORN IDIOT!"

AMONG THE "ANKWERKS PACKAGES."

THE Antwerp Exhibition was formally opened on the second of this month. We have received an officially printed account of the ceremony. It is written in "English as she is spoke." Here are some choice extracts:—

"Belgium had for the first time convoked at Antwerp all nations to one of those great concourses, where (according to the very true expression of the president of the Executive committee) the creating powers of science and labour, are combined in an admirable synthesis. Unanimous applause have cheered this beautiful feast of peace.

"The Exhibition with its yet unaccomplished installations and decorations offers the site of an immense timber-yard, where a human swarm is moving; but in presence of these enormous proportions, of the abundance, of the perfection and richness of the already exhibited objects, there is but one opinion, one echo to predict its complete and magnificent success.

"The grand portico of honour dominated by its globus, flanked by its electrical highhouses, presents itself to the eyes of the visitor in its astounding airian height of 72 yards."

At this point we pause, we are "dominated by the globus." Let us take breath, and continue:—

"The King, the Queen, the Royal family and the guests have then directed themselves in cortege into the great row of the Halls of Industry, at the extremity of which is situated a monumental staircase. On the top of this staircase, which forms platform, one has a splendid view of the immense gallery of machines.

"At a signal given by Leopold II, life was at once communicated to this prodigious assembly of all the perfectionated mechanics which human genius has placed to the service of modern industry.

"This is a fairy which defies the description of pen or pencil. Nowhere anything comparable to this quadrilatre of 22,500 square yards, where the mechanics, steam and electricity are triumphing, was ever seen before."

Yes! exactly! quite "a fairy which defies the description of pen or pencil." So at this point we stop. We anticipate a pleasant holiday trip to the glorious old town of Antwerp.

BRITANNIA'S VOLUNTEERS.

WHEN air resounds with war's alarms,
And conscripts from afar,
Like driven sheep, are forced to arms
To make aggressive war,
Let soldier-ridden lands beware
When freemen turn to fight,
Where Britain's sons their flag may bear,
They stand with Freedom's might.
They laugh to scorn our numbers,
And say our day is sped;
Because in Peace he slumbers,
They think the Lion's dead;
But wake him—and the farthest seas
Return his angry roar,
And swiftly every spreading breeze
Bears it from shore to shore.

Chorus.

Go, tell the world of conscripts
That Britain's Britain still;
Go, tell the world of conscripts
Our watchword's Freedom still.
So let Aggression's forced array
Fill those it may with fears,
We'll answer their conscriptions with
A million Volunteers.

Canadian sons, from frost and snow,
Extend a ready hand,
Backed still by hearts that fiercely glow
Like summer in their land,
And show our foes, whoe'er they be,
No rolling seas can part
The ties that bind the brave and free
Where beats a British heart.
Australian sons their blood have shed
Already by our side,—
For once BRITANNIA bares her head
In gratitude and pride.
Strong in her gallant sons' support,
Her cause can know no fears,—
No Spartan sword was yet too short
That armed such Volunteers.

Chorus—Go, tell the world, &c.

They were no conscripts MARLBRO' led,
But freemen—Volunteers,
A freeborn race from fathers bred
That won for us Poitiers;
No conscript names were on the roll—
All heroes dead and gone—
That blazoned bright on Victory's scroll
The name of WELLINGTON;
And Inkermann's immortal height
Will tell, for many a day,
How sternly sons of Freedom fight,
Let odds be what they may:
Thus, Liberty scorns vain alarms,
And answers back, with cheers,
No conscript legions flogged to arms
Have yet flogged Volunteers.

Chorus—Go, tell the world, &c.

They think to crush old England,
And take her mighty place—
When they wipe out from ev'ry land
The language of her race:
When Justice meekly sheathes her sword,
And Freeman ne'er make laws:
When Tyrants rule by force and fraud,
And dead is Freedom's cause:
When Liberty shall see her home
Low-levell'd with the turf,
And watch each son in turn become
A tyrant-driven serf:
When Freedom's sacred name's forgot
Within the hearts of men:
They'll crush us to the earth; but not—
By Heav'n!—but not till then!

Chorus—Go, tell the world, &c.

ON THE LATEST PORT.

ONE wants but little here by LOWE,
Nor wants that little long.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 10.



THE MEETING OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, HANOVER SQUARE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 11.—Another Vote of Censure! the eighth in history of present Parliament. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON had charge of Motion. Rather a sickly kind of thing. Having agreed to Vote of Credit, and money already in course of dispersal, proceeded to say wouldn't pass Bill recording Vote until it knew what the Government was going to do with the money.

"Isn't this," said BRODRICK, "little like paying your Income-tax one Monday, and on the following Monday declaring you won't accept the receipt until the Collector gives you 'adequate information' as to process by which your contribution will reach the Treasury?"

"You're an able young man, BRODRICK," said Lord JOHN MANNERS. "You interest me as youth always has done. But you are inclined to take politics too seriously. We don't always do what we would, but what we can; and your Leaders having decided upon terms of Amendment, you have nothing to do but support it."

"Fine speech, GEORGE," said his Grace of ABERCORN, who from Peers' Gallery listened to the stormy eloquence of Member for Middlesex. "Seems to me that RANDOLPH is altogether overrated. He's said to possess fluency. Listen to GEORGE. He makes reckless assertions. Hear GEORGE. He is credited with an audaciousness that people sometimes mistake for impudence. Look at GEORGE. Seems to me that after this speech to-night RANDOLPH must take a back seat, and GEORGE will go to the front. Don't you think so?"

"Um!" I said. Never like to contradict a Duke. There are comparatively so few of them. But there's something in what LABBY says on this point.

"HAMILTON's noisy vituperation of to-night," says the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, "has effect of raising RANDOLPH in Parliamentary esteem. RANDOLPH is occasionally noisy, and frequently vituperative. But there's an indescribable something more that makes him RANDOLPH, and the absence of which leaves Member for Middlesex Lord GEORGE HAMILTON."

On the whole, a spirited debate, the one flabby thing about it being the Resolution. CHAPLIN really grand. Realised for spectators more closely than ever Mr. TOOLE's idea of the late Mr. DISRAELI addressing the House of Commons on momentous occasion.

Business done.—Vote of Censure rejected by 290 Votes against 260.

Tuesday.—The Markiss rises to explain. GLADSTONE and TREVELYAN, in other House, have been taking exception to his allusion to Russia as either swindler or bankrupt. The Markiss explains that he was only using "a commercial analogy." Nothing further from his mind than to say anything disrespectful of Russia.

GRANVILLE expresses satisfaction at explanation, but points out that the introduction of the commercial analogy in this particular place was unfortunate. Of course the Markiss had meant nothing. "Only how would any one of your Lordships, being in difficulties, like to have this commercial analogy dragged in?" Their Lordships shuddered. Markiss mentally made up his mind to avoid commercial analogies in future.

GRANVILLE took opportunity to show that RANDOLPH was not quite so accurate as he might be. He had, it is true, refrained from

the use of commercial analogies, but he had gone astray on various points of fact, upon which GRANVILLE gently corrected him.

CRANBROOKE up like a bear whose cub had been touched. Monstrous of GRANVILLE thus to take advantage of blameless, mild-mannered youth, who was not present to defend himself. KIMBERLEY struck in to defend his chief. Every prospect of a row. Strangers in Gallery expected to see coronets flying about, perhaps the benches broken up, LORD CHANCELLOR'S wig torn off, and the Bishops chevioted out of the House. But storm lulled as suddenly as it had broken forth. GRANVILLE smiled benignantly at the Markiss, who was busily administering to himself an oath to abstain from use of commercial analogies; CRANBROOKE simmered down, and the McCULLUM MORE proceeded to deliver more of his speech, interrupted on previous night by illness of Lord DORMER.

Business done.—In Commons Sir Massive LOPES' new Motion on Local Taxation question rejected by 280 votes against 258.

Wednesday.—More bad language. This time it is JEMMY LOWTHER who is the offender. As might be expected, JAMES, avoiding the commercial world, indulged in what may be called a sporting analogy. Accused the PREMIER of "bolting" early the previous morning to avoid particular division on Registration Bill. This brought up the young colt on Treasury Bench in towering passion. Accustomed to hear contumelious language towards himself from gentlemen opposite. But this sporting analogy seemed to touch him to the quick. Hotly protested against it.

"Well," says Truthful JAMES, "if the PRIME MINISTER objects to my way of characterising the incident, I will say no more about it."



The Premier "bolting."

But it will be observed JAMES had already said it, and there it remained.

Business done.—Irish Registration Bill proceeded with.

Thursday.—GLADSTONE moved Resolution allotting Wedding Dowry of six thousand a year to Princess BEATRICE. On the whole rather a depressing business. More like a funeral than the preliminary to a wedding party. House listened in politely glum silence. GLADSTONE seemed to feel this, and laboured along making most of argument that this was the last. Also (being the last) promised Committee for next year to go into whole matter. LABBY opposed vote, and O'BRIEN testified afresh to his disappointment at failure of efforts made to spoil success of Prince of WALES' visit to Ireland. W. REDMOND gave the proposal a great fillip by opposing it, and House divided; 337 for making the little present, 38, chiefly Parnellites, against.

Rest of sitting, House hammering away at Irish Registration Bill, which it finally disposed of. "Another milestone of the Session passed," said PREMIER, tearing up the red rose he had put in his buttonhole in honour of Princess BEATRICE. "It's a dreary road, and I shan't be sorry when the end comes. To start with new House of Commons will be quite invigorating. But I really will retire at the end of that."

Friday.—Met SHERBROOKE in Corridor to-night, making his way to House of Lords. Had under his arm a thin volume.

"Very small for a Blue Book," I said. "Can't be the Afghan papers?"

"No, TOBY," he said, blushing up to the whites of his eyes. "It's a little work of mine. *Poems of a Lifetime* I call it. The Lifetime is, perhaps you'll say happily, a little longer than the Poems. But that's neither here nor there. The Markiss has asked me to give him an hour, and read him a selection. Very kind of him. Didn't know he was fond of poetry. But we all carry our little secrets about with us. Few suspected me of being a poet, and I'm not certain whether they will now reach the stage of conviction. The only thing that mars the pleasure with which I regard this little volume is the knowledge that DIZZY died before it was published. How he would have revelled in it! Fancy I can hear him declaiming from my poem on Mont Blanc:—

'Enough again to shake the throne
Of many a new NAP-O-LEE-OWN.'

But I mustn't keep the Markiss waiting. Believe he's terribly impatient till he hears me read. So good-bye now, TOBY. Hope to see



Dr. Times reads Master Randolph for making a Mess with the Ink.

you again shortly. Drop in on me some time, and share with me airy bowl."

And SHERBROOKE went off reciting, with appropriate gestures, that beautiful stanza from his poem on *The Chamois*:—

"And as oft as I quaffed that icy draught,
I have thought in my gladsome soul,
Can the generous wine of the storied Rhine
Compare with airy bowl?"

In Commons, BOURKE takes time by the forelock. GLADSTONE, referring to promised papers on Afghan business, says only a portion will be out to-morrow, bringing events down to Penjdeh incident. Remainder after Whitsuntide. A little disappointing this, since it is Penjdeh, and after, people want to know about. But nothing daunts BOURKE. Jumps up, and intimates intention of Opposition to "go for" Government on these papers. "Though, of course, this is premature," he adds, with reflection—at which the House laughs. But BOURKE has best of it, after all. "We'll censure them," he says, "for, if they don't deserve it on this matter, they will on some other."

Business done.—House Counted Out at Seven o'Clock.

A MAY MOANING.

"May has set in with its usual severity."—*The Common Sencer.*

Oh, May is the month when the madly æsthetical
Plunge deep into nonsense profoundly poetical!
They sing and they shout about sunshine and greenery,
Of beauty and blossom and song-birds and scenery:

I own that my notion of May is a hazy one,
And don't think its weather is good for the Lazy One;
To go out of doors I have not the temerity—
Now May has set in with its usual severity!

The weather, distressing for man and for beast it is,
The sky is o'erclouded, the wind in the East it is;
The streets and the footways detestably muddy are,
Our cheeks are all blue, and our noses all ruddy are:
We've coughs, and we've colds, and we've pains most rheumatal,
Our temper is short, and our language emphatical.
'Tis good-bye to comfort, to ease, and prosperity—
Now May has set in with its usual severity!

The mornings are dark, and the nights demoniacal,
We're dismal, depressed, and we're hypochondriacal!
Oh, May is a sell—there's no trace of blue skies about,
The month that all poets have told lots of lies about!
Let's all stop at home, and in easy-chairs ruminate,
The curtains draw close and the lamps now illuminate;
Let's pile on the logs with most cheerful celerity—
Now May has set in with its usual severity!

SOMETHING AT LAST!—It is said that we are to acquire several most important "Coaling Stations." This about Coals is, apparently, the only good result of "the Scuttle Policy."

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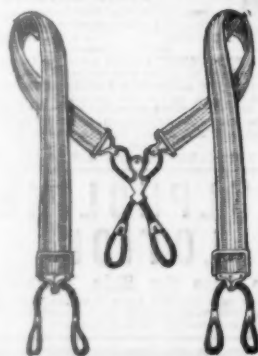
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